

A. F. RUSSELL

F-40

T249

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

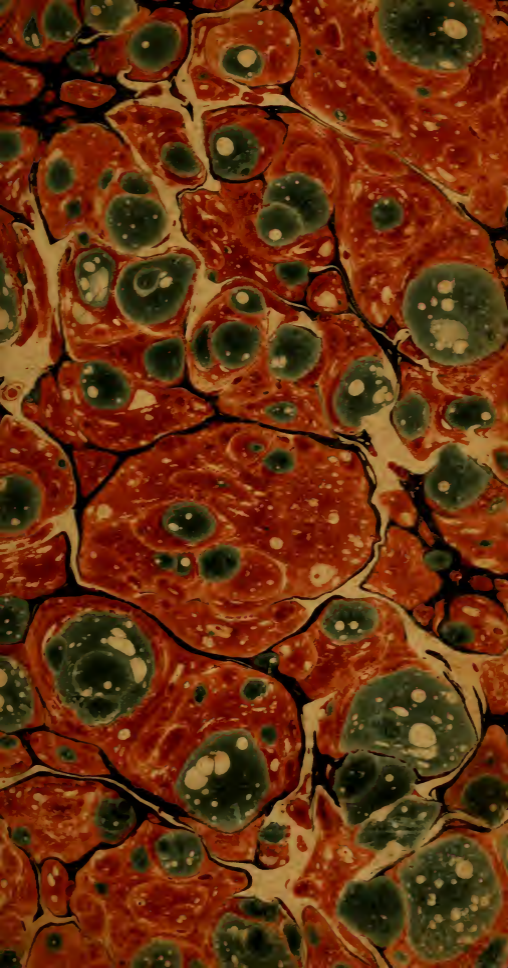
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
5735





Hedraide F. Russell.

from her sister -

Mrs. Lydia S. Walker

1829

R. M. Brown -



LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
NOV 20 1936

A

SELECTION

OF

H Y M N S,

FOR

Public Worship.

DESIGNED TO BE USED WITH WATTS'.

First church and Religious
Society in Templeton, Mass.

•••••

KEENE, N. H.....PRINTED BY JOHN PRENTISS.
1827.

THE following are a selection of HYMNS from Dr. *Worcester's*, Dr. *Belknap's*, and the *New-York Collection*, in Metres not found in WATTS' Book of Psalms and Hymns, and on Subjects and Occasions not noticed in that work ;—with a few others on various subjects, and in different metres. Designed to be used in connection with WATTS', in the First Church and religious Society in TEMPLETON, Ms.

HYMNS.



HYMN 1. 7s. NEWTON.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Shew thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee
- 3 Here we come thy Name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

HYMN 2. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

Devotion.

- 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting power!
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 3: 6 & 4. MADAN'S COL.

Invocation.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,

Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

HYMN 4. L. M. STENNET.
The Sabbath.

1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done!
Another Sabbath is begun!
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has bless'd.

2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heav'nly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of endless rest,

Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
The Sabbath thus we love to spend,
In hope of one which ne'er shall end.

HYMN 5. L M. ADDISON.

The Voice of Nature.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky;
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

HYMN 6. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Encouragement to Faith.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
 His various and his saving names;
 O may they not be heard alone,
 But by our sure experience known.
- 2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
 Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord;
 Through all the world, most high confess'd,
 By him 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
 The God of Abra'm, God of Peace;
 Now, by a dearer title known,
 Father, and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear
 Is open to his servants' prayer;
 Nor can one humble soul complain
 That he has sought his God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
 In whispers to suggest a fear,
 While still he owns his ancient name,
 The same his power, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
 To thee we lift expecting eyes,
 And boldly through the desert tread,
 For God will guard where God shall lead.

HYMN 7. 5, 6. VINCENT.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 **B**LESS God, O my soul,
 Rejoice in his name;
 And let my glad voice
 Thy greatness proclaim:
 Surpassing in honour,
 Dominion and might;
 Thy throne is the heaven,
 Thy robe is the light.
- 2 The world when at first
 Of chaos compos'd,
 Was void, without form,
 In waters enclos'd;
 Thy voice, how majestic,
 In thunder was heard;
 The waters subsided,
 The mountains appear'd.
- 3 Thy providence fix'd
 The stream and its source,
 The sea knows its bounds,
 The rivers their course.
 Convey'd through dark channels,
 Springs rise on the hills,
 They burst in the fountains,
 They fall in the rills.
- 4 Descending on hills,
 Clouds plenteousness pour,
 All nature revives,
 Earth smiles in the show'r:
 A garment of verdure
 Apparels the plain;
 Fruits swell in the garden,
 Fields wave with their grain

- 5 With moisture refresh'd,
The vine yields its fruit;
'Tis balm to our hearts,
To health a recruit.
With pleasure we gather
The richness of oil;
'Tis strength to our body,
Support to our toil.
- 6 The moon by thy law
Increases and wanes:
The sun keeps the course
Thy wisdom ordains.
By night the fierce lion
Roams wide for his prey,
But flies to his cavern
When morn brings the day.
- 7 Then man with the sun
His labor renews,
Till ev'ning arrives,
That labor pursues.
Such, Lord, is the wisdom
Thy works all proclaim;
Let earth, crown'd with riches,
Rejoice in thy name!
- 8 Thus, Lord, let me sing,
Thy glory to raise;
Delightful the strain,
When tun'd to thy praise.
The vile have their suff'rings,
The just their reward;
Bless God, O my spirit!
O praise ye the Lord!

HYMN 8. 5, 6. TATE, varied.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord!
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation
Be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains
His praises express,
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and
His children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations
To him their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded,
And reach to the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above,
His glories' who've sung,
In loftiest notes,
Now publish his praise:
We, mortals, delighted,
Would borrow your tongue;
Would join in your numbers,
And chant to your lays.

HYMN 9. P. M. J. TAYLOR

Commencement of Public Worship.

- 1 **A**T the portals of thy house.
 Lord! we leave our mortal cares;
 Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
 Songs of praise and fervent prayers:
 Pure and contrite hearts alone,
 Find acceptance at thy throne.
- 2 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
 From the temple of the Lord!
 Teach them Zion's heavenly way,
 To their feet thy light afford:
 Let the world united join,
 To extol thy love divine.

HYMN 10. 8, 8, 6. OGILVIE.

Praise from all Nature.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul! the exalted lay;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name;
 Let heaven and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
 Ye thunders, speak his power:
 Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing
 In triumph rides the eternal King;
 The astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
 To join the thunder of the skies,
 Praise him who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

- 4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing;
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him, who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man—by nobler passions swayed—
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

HYMN 11. 8, 7. J. TAYLOR.

Pardon and Peace from God.

- 1 **F**AR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,
 Here our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined:
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws,

Lord! with favor still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wondrous love;
 Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us;
 All our hope is from above.

HYMN 12. L. M. POPE'S COLL.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER adored in worlds above!
 Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
 Thy kingdom come with power and love,
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord! make our daily wants thy care;
 Forgive the sins which we forsake:
 And let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour;
 Thy kind protection we implore:
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power;
 Be thine the glory evermore!

HYMN 13. 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Praise to God for his Greatness and Mercy.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high!
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,
 Man, the well-beloved of heaven:
 Glory be to God on high!
 God, whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favoured mortals, raise the song;
 End'less thanks to God belong;
 Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
 Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,
 From creation's utmost bound;

Where the Godhead shines confess'd,
There be solemn praise address'd.

- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand!
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 5 Awful Being! from thy throne.
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease:

Glory be, &c.

HYMN 14. 7s. SALISBURY COLL.

Humble Adoration.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord! thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

HYMN 15. 8. 8, 6. Miss DAYE.

Religious Institutions regarded.

1 **I**LL bless Jehovah's glorious name,
 Whose goodness heaven and earth pro-
 With every morning light; [claim,
 And at the close of every day,
 To him my cheerful homage pay,
 Who guards me through the night.

2 Then in his churches to appear,
 And pay my humble worship there,
 Shall be my sweet employ.
 The day that saw my Saviour rise,
 Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
 With pure and holy joy.

3 With grateful sorrow in my breast,
 I'll celebrate the dying feast
 Of my departing Lord;
 And while his perfect love I view,
 His bright example I'll pursue,
 And meditate his word.

HYMN 16. 7s. MERRICK.

Praise to God the sovereign King.

1 **L**IFT your voice, and joyful sing
 Praises to your heavenly King;
 For his mercies far extend,
 And his bounty knows no end.

2 Honour pay to heaven's high Lord,
 And his wondrous deeds record;
 Through the various realms of earth,
 Praise him all of human birth:

3 Him, whose wisdom, thron'd on high,
 Built the mansions of the sky;

And the orbs that gild the pole,
Bade through boundless ether roll:

- 4 Him who o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing which lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 5 To the great eternal King,
Raise your voice, and joyful sing,
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

HYMN 17. 8, 7, 4. TOPLADY'S COLL. alt'd
God's Blessing sought.

- 1 **L**ORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love:
Still support us,
While in duty's path we move.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

HYMN 18. 5, 6. PARK.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 1 **M**Y soul! praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name;
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim:
To God, their Creator,
Let all creatures raise

- The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!
- 2 Though, hid from man's sight,
God sits on his throne,
Yet here, by his works,
Their Author is known:
The world shines a mirror,
Its maker to show,
And heaven views its image
Reflected below.
- 3 Those agents of power,
Fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might
Of God the Most High;
Who rides on the whirlwind
While clouds veil his form;
Who smiles in the sunbeam,
Or frowns in the storm
- 4 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design:
O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.
- 5 And man, his last work,
With reason endued,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renewed;
To God, his Creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

HYMN 19. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jacob's Vow.

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole souls resign;
And thankful own, that all we are,
And all we have is thine.

HYMN 20. 10, 11s. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God.

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join:
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King;
The God whom we worship, our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.

- 3 Be joyful, ye saints! sustained by his might,
 And let your glad song awake with each morn;
 For those who obey him are still his delight,
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord! prepare a glad song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join,
 With voices united the anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises with music divine.

HYMN 21. 8, 7s. J. JAYLOR.

God of Mercy adored.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, the great Creator,
 Bounteous Source of every joy;
 He whose hand upholds all nature,
 He whose word can all destroy!
 Saints, with pious zeal attending,
 Now the grateful tribute raise;
 Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
 Join the universal praise.
- 2 Here indulge each grateful feeling;
 Lowly bend with contrite souls;
 Here his milder grace revealing,
 Here no awful thunder rolls:
 Lo! the eternal page before us
 Bears the covenant of his love,
 Full of mercy to restore us,
 Mercy beaming from above.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
 Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
 Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
 Grace from God, and peace within!
 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
 Still the song of glory raise;
 On the theme immortal dwelling,
 Join the universal praise.

HYMN 22. 8, 7, 4. EXETER COLL.

Thanksgiving for Divine Mercy.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Lord of light and glory,
 Author of our mortal frame!
 Joyfully we bow before thee,
 And extol thy holy name:
 Hallelujah!
 Ever sacred be the theme!
- 2 Kind dispenser of each blessing!
 Which surrounds the human race!
 May we, gratefully possessing,
 Still adore thy boundless grace:
 Hallelujah!
 Praise to God, immortal praise!
- 3 Thus, with humble adoration,
 We attend before thy throne;
 And with grateful exultation,
 Thine abundant mercy own:
 Hallelujah!
 Praise belongs to thee alone!
- 4 In thy every dispensation,
 Love and mercy we descry;
 Thou, the God of our salvation;
 To preserve us, still art nigh:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory be to God on high!

HYMN 23. 7s. MADAN'S COLL.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name,
 Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 24. 6, 4. HILL'S COLL.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high:
Let heaven and earth reply—
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing for evermore;
Worthy the Lamb.

- 2 All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;
 We, who have felt his blood,
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad—
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye his name:
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice—
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 What tho' we change our place—
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name:
 To him our songs we bring—
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 25. 8, 6, 5. MADAN'S COLL.

Christmas Morn.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads in joyful hope,
 Salute the happy morn:
 Each heav'nly pow'r,
 Proclaim the glad hour?
 Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!
- 2 All glory be to God on high,
 To him all praise is due;
 The promise is seal'd—
 The Saviour's reveal'd—
 And proves that the record is true

- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow;
 Flow on, and still increase;
 Spread o'er the glad earth,
 At Immanuel's birth—
 For heav'n and earth are at peace.
- 4 Now the good will of God is shewn
 Towards Adam's helpless race;
 Messiah is come,
 To ransom his own—
 To save them by infinite grace.
- 5 Then let us join the heav'ns above,
 Where hymning seraphs sing;
 Join all the glad pow'rs,
 For their Lord is ours—
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King

 HYMN 26. L. M. STEELE.

Christ's Example.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?
 Such let our conversation be;
 The serpent blended with the dove,—
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
 How mild—how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.

- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Savior's name,
By his example let us move,

HYMN 27. L. M. GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Scorn'd be the tho't, by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more and more.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
In whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes I may—
When I've no sins to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

HYMN 28. L. M. Mrs. STEELE.

Christ the Way to God.

- 1 **I**N vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

- 2 Jesus, no other name but thine
Is giv'n by everlasting love,
To lead our souls to joys divine;
No other name will God approve.
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these, my fainting spirit lives;
Diviner comforts cheer my heart
Than all the pow'r of nature gives.
- 4 To whom but thee shall mortals go,
To find the true and living way,
That leads us through this world of wo,
To the bright realms of endless day?
- 5 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly way depart;
Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
Direct my steps, and rule my heart.
- 6 In thee, my great almighty Friend,
My safety dwells, and peace divine;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

HYMN 29. L. M. EXETER COLL.

Praise for Blessings through Jesus.

- 1 **T**O God, of every good the spring,
The tribute of your praises bring,
For grace and truth through Jesus given,
Mercy, and peace, and hopes of heaven.
- 2 Grateful the joyous news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesus' name;
Salvation—shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.
- 3 Tell every fearful trembling soul,
That gospel grace will make him whole:

Invite the weary poor to come;
At Jesus' feast there still is room.

- 4 Jesus—that name shall calm their fears,
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears,
Shall ease the anxious throbbing breast,
And give the weary mourner rest.

HYMN 30. L. M. EXETER COLL.

Reverence and Love to Jesus.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Jesus! God of love!
Of every joy and hope the spring;
For the rich grace by him bestow'd,
To thee our grateful praise we bring.
- 2 Of pardon and eternal life
Thy mercy formed the gracious plan;
And Jesus, sent by thee, convey'd
The glorious news to sinful man.
- 3 To seal the covenant which he brought,
He pass'd through suff'ring, shame and death;
And shall not we his claims revere,
And love him to our latest breath?
- 4 O may his love our hearts inspire
His holy precepts to obey;
His spirit ever be our own,
His promise cheer in life's last day!
- 5 And when we stand before his bar,
May Jesus own us as his friends;
Then to his glory we shall rise,
And share the bliss which never ends.

HYMN 31. 8, 8 & 6. Miss ROSCOE.

A Christmas Hymn.

- 1 **O** LET your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies,

- And hail a Saviour's birth!
 Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
 When Jesus all-triumphant came
 To bless the sons of earth.
- 2 He came to bid the weary rest,
 To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
 To bind the broken heart.
 To spread the light of truth around,
 And to the world's remotest bound
 The heavenly gift impart.
- 3 He came our trembling souls to save
 From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
 And chase our fears away;
 Victorious over death and time,
 To lead us to a happier clime
 Where reigns eternal day.
- 4 Then let your mingling voices rise,
 In grateful rapture to the skies,
 And hail a Saviour's birth!
 Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
 When Jesus all-triumphant came
 To bless the sons of earth.

HYMN 32. C. M. NEWTON.

Zeal, True and False.

- 1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heav'nly flame
 The fire of love supplies ;
 While that which often bears the name,
 Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear ;
 The false is headstrong, fierce and wild ;
 And breathes revenge and war.

- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name ;
Nor seeks it ought beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
" Come, see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

HYMN 33. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Inconstancy in Religion.

- 1 **P**ERPETUAL Source of light and grace
We hail thy sacred name:
Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours ;
Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the show'rs.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew ;

False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Arm'd with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
And with increasing transports press,
On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy pow'r the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

HYMN 34. C. M. GREEN.

Resignation.

1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light.
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right,
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who governs all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.

- 5 It is the Lord—Whose matchless skill
 Can from afflictions raise—
 Matter, eternity to fill
 With ever growing praise.
-

HYMN 35. 8, 7 & 4. ROBINSON.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou Great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong deliv'rer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan;
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises—
 I will ever give to thee.
-

HYMN 36. 7 & 6. MADAN'S COL.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things;
 Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place:
 Sun and moon, and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove:

Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above,

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth chang'd for heav'n.

HYMN 37. 8, 7 & 4. ALLEN.

Sinners intreated.

- 1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
 Fearful hearts they quell your fears;
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears:
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, groveling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you;
 Take the warning they afford;
 We entreat you,
 Take the warning they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed?
 Who receiv'd the joyful word?
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord.
 Can you slight it—
 Offer'd to you by the Lord!
- 6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

HYMN 38. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Good Samaritan.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
 All powerful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
 That generous pleasure know;

- Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others, woe,
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies;
And midst the embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

HYMN 39. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

A Family Hymn.

- 1 **F**ATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of Heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants here, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd, and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

HYMN 40. L. M. SCOTT.

Importance of Time.

- 1 **O** TIME, how few thy value weigh!
 How few will estimate a day!
 Days, months, and years, are rolling on,
 The soul neglected—and undone.
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
 Our life its precious hours destroys;
 Whilst death stands watching at our side—
 Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
 Your Maker gave you here a place?
 Was it for this his thoughts design'd
 The frame of your immortal mind?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
 He fashion'd all the sons of time;
 Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be—
 The heirs of immortality.
- 5 This season of your being, know,
 Is given to you your seeds to sow;
 Wisdom's and folly's differing grain,
 In future worlds, is bliss and pain.
- 6 Then let me every day review,
 Idle or busy, search it through;
 And whilst probation's minutes last,
 Let ev'ry day amend the past.

HYMN 41. L. M. SCOTT.

Uncharitable Judgment.

- 1 **A**LL-KNOWING God! 'tis thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
 To judge from principles within,
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.

- 2 Who, among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servants to his bar may call?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake?
- 3 Who, with another's eye, can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive, accept, if right,
Whilst faithful we obey our light;
And cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people, fashion'd in thy mould?
And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

HYMN 42. 8, 8, 6.

Submission to God's Will.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY King of heav'n above,
Eternal source of truth and love,
And Lord all of below,
With rev'rence and religious fear,
Permit thy suppliants to draw near,
And at thy feet to bow.
- 2 Thy sov'reign *fiat* form'd us first,
Thy breath can blow us back to dust,
Frail, sinful, mortal clay;
'Tis thine undoubted right to give
Those earthly blessings we receive,
And thine to take away.
- 3 All things are under thy control,
Eternal Wisdom rules the whole,
Educing good from ill;

- Submissive therefore we resign,
 Our wills are swallow'd up in thine,
 In thy most holy will.
- 4 In heav'n above, thy will is done;
 There, angels wait around thy throne,
 Thy counsels to obey;
 Adoring at thy feet they fall,
 Confess thee sov'reign Lord of all,
 And own thy powerful sway.
- 5 Lord, may we join the heav'nly throng,
 May mortals learn th' angelic song,
 Who dwell beneath the sun;
 May ev'ry tongue thy praise proclaim,
 This be the universal theme,
 "Jehovah's will be done."

HYMN 43. 7s. SCOTT.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the stone away;
 Death, give up thy mighty prey:
 See! He rises from the tomb,
 Shining in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
 Your triumphant song of praise;
 Let the heav'ns' remotest bound
 Hear the joy inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
 Now to glory see him rise;
 Mark his progress thro' the sky,
 To the radiant world on high.
- 4 Heav'n displays her crystal gate;
 Enter in thy royal state;
 King of glory, mount thy throne,
 'Tis thy father's and thy own.

- 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Strike with awe your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be loud and strong.
- 6 To the list'ning nations tell,
Sin o'erthrown, and vanquish'd hell.
Where is death's once dreaded king!
Where, O monster, is thy sting?

HYMN 44. C. M. SMART.

Prudence.

- 1 **F**ATHER of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dang'rous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heav'n-ey'd prudence be my guide;
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in ev'ry various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And whilst I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heav'nly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart:
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love;
And all my darkness be dispers'd
In endless light above.

HYMN 45. C. M. WATTS.

Early Religion.

- 1 **H**APPY is he, whose early years
 Receive instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
 Is pleasing in his eyes;
 A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes;
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand fears,
 To mind religion young;
 With joy it crowns succeeding years;
 And renders virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
 Our hearts we now resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
 Whilst we have life and breath;
 Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

HYMN 46. S. M. BEDDOME.

Catholicism.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
 Be banish'd far away;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
4. Thus will the church below,
 Resemble that above;
 Where streams of pleasure always flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 47. L. M. SCOTT.

Importunate Prayer.

- 1 **O**UR Father, thron'd above the sky,
 To thee, our empty hands we spread;
 Thy children at thy footstool lie,
 And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 Let mercy all our sins dispel,
 As clouds before the solar beam;
 Our souls from bondage and from hell
 To liberty and life redeem.
- 3 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
 In that august and precious name,
 By thee ordain'd we now draw near,
 And would the promis'd blessing claim.
- 4 Does not an earthly parent hear
 The cravings of his famish'd son?
 Will he reject the filial pray'r,
 Or mock him with a cake of stone?
- 5 Our heav'nly Father, how much more,
 Will thy divine compassion rise;

And open thy unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries?

6 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience to thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting for success,
If persevering to entreat.

7 For Jesus in his faithful word
The patient supplicant has blest;
And all thy saints with one accord
The prevalence of pray'r attest.

HYMN 48. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Self-Examination.

1 **T**HOU vain intruding world, depart!
No more allure or vex my heart;
Let ev'ry vanity begone,
I would be peaceful and alone.

2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find;
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.

3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend;
What aim my busy thoughts pursue;
What work is done and what to do.

4 Eternity is just at hand;
And shall I waste the ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day?
And throw my fleeting time away?

5 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r—
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood.
A pardon seal'd and peace with God.

- 6 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

HYMN 49. C. M. BROWNE.

The Acceptable Offering.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH shall we approach the
 And bow before his throne? [Lord,
 Or how procure his kind regard,
 And for our guilt atone?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
 And spicy fumes ascend?
 Will these our earnest wish succeed,
 And make our God our friend?
- 3 Let no such hopes our souls delude;
 Such pompous rites are vain;
 But God has shown us what is good,
 And how his love to gain.
- 4 To men, their rights we must allow,
 And proofs of kindness give;
 To God, with humble reverence bow,
 And to his glory live.
- 5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
 He never will despise;
 And cheerful duty will prefer
 To costly sacrifice.

HYMN 50. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Attraction of the Cross.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the amazing sight,
 The Saviour lifted high!
 Behold the Son of God's delight,
 Expire in agony!

- 2 We see, and we admire,
In sympathy of love;
We feel the strong attractive power,
To lift our souls above.
- 3 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour, to confess
The energy divine.
- 4 In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

HYMN 51. 7s. MRS. BARBAULD.

Christ's Invitations.

- 1 **C**OME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home!
Weary pilgrim! hither come.
- 2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.
- 3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
Who the stings of guilt can bear!
- 5 Sinner! come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,

Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMN 52. 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Penitential.

- 1 **G**OD of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 'These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own:
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs!
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

HYMN 53. L. M. WATTS.

Zeal with Charity.

- 1 **G**REAT God! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in my soul!
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach me those passions to control.

- 2 Temper the fervours of my frame;
 Be charity their constant spring!
 And O, let no unhallowed flame,
 Pollute the offerings which I bring!
- 3 Let love with piety unite
 To mend the bias of my will;
 While hope and heaven-eyed faith excite,
 And wisdom regulates, my zeal;—
- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,—
 Wisdom descending from above;
 And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
 Be kindled by the fire of love.

HYMN 54. L. M. SCOTT, ALT'D.

Christian Privileges and Obligations.

- 1 **H**OW many millions draw their breath
 In lands of ignorance and death,
 While God allots my share of time,
 Within his gospel's favoured clime?
- 2 Shall I receive this grace in vain?
 Shall I my great vocation stain?
 Away, ye works in darkness wrought!
 Away, each sensual, earthly thought!
- 3 My soul! I charge thee to excel
 In thinking right and acting well;
 Deep let thy searching powers engage,
 Unbiassed, in the sacred page.
- 4 Heighten the force of good desire;
 To deeds of shining worth aspire;
 More firm in fortitude, despise
 The world's seducing vanities.
- 5 Strong and more strong, the passions rule,
 Advancing still in virtue's school;

Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life.

HYMN 55. C. M. GIBBONS.

'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'

- 1 **I**N the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;
- 2 Remember thy Creator God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blessed eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

HYMN 56. S. M. EXETER COLL.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness

- 1 **O** GOD! my strength! my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up
To thee who hearest prayer:
- 2 Grant me on thee to wait,
The work assigned fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Father's will!
- 3 Grant me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,

- The first approach of sin to find,
And all temptation fly;—
- 4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 5 Thy will may I pursue;
To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, and say and do,
Be one great sacrifice.
- 6 Fill me with godly fear,
As in thy sight to live,
And Oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

HYMN 57. C. M. EXETER COLL.

Accountable for our Talents.

- 1 **T**HE time draws near, when thou, my soul!
Thy last account must give;
When thy whole life shall be surveyed
By him who bade thee live.
- 2 How many talents, O my God!
Hast thou bestowed on me!
But yet how few can there be found
Devoted, Lord! to thee!
- 3 My health, my time, my worldly store,
And thy more precious word,
Thy talents are, for which I must
Account to thee, my Lord;
- 4 Much of my time, alas! I've lost,
And much have I mispent;
How careless of my grand concern!
On trifles how intent!

- 5 O may the slothful servant's doom,
 My holy care excite;
 Each talent may I well improve,
 And in thy work delight!

HYMN 58. C. M. MONTH. ANTHOL. alt'd.
Anxiety Reproved.

- 1 **W**E would not seek, with God our friend,
 With anxious care, to know
 Or how, or when, our lives shall end,
 Or what our lot below.
- 2 The same kind Power that gave us breath,
 Still holds us in his hand;
 And when he bids us sleep in death,
 All-wise is his command.
- 3 That power whose watchful goodness feeds
 The warblers of the air,
 And clothes with flowers the smiling meads,
 Shall we not be his care?
- 4 If lengthened years our lives shall crown,
 Then be his praise expressed;
 Or if in this he cuts us down,
 Still, what he does is best.
- 5 May we, the good each hour supplies,
 Receive with grateful mind;
 And when our fairest pleasure dies,
 Be humble and resigned.
- 6 How swift our moments steal away!
 E'en while we speak they fly;
 Then let us seize the passing day,
 And only live to die.

HYMN 59. L. P. M. HAWKESWORTH.

Reflections on Death.

- 1 **Y**ET a few years, or days, perhaps,
 Or moments, pass in silent lapse,
 And time to me shall be no more!
 No more the sun these eyes shall view,
 Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
 And life's delusive dream be o'er.
- 2 Great God! how awful is the scene!
 A breath, a transient breath between:
 And can I waste life's fleeting day?
 To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
 Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
 Are shivered when they're torn away.
- 3 Great Cause of all, above, below!
 Who knows thee must forever know
 Thou art immortal and divine:
 Thine image on my soul impressed,
 Of endless being is the test,
 And bids eternity be mine.

HYMN 60. 8, 8, 6. EXETER COLL.

On the Uncertainty of Life.

- 1 **E**TERNAL bliss, and lasting wo,
 Hang on this span of life below,
 This short, uncertain breath;
 My heavenly Father only knows;
 Whether another day shall close,
 Ere I expire in death.
- 2 Before thy throne, great God! I bow,
 And in these solemn moments, now
 Would learn my real state;
 While life and health, and time endure,
 May I thy pardoning grace secure,
 Before it be too late.

- 3 If in destruction's road I stray,
 Teach me to choose that better way
 Which leads to joys on high;
 My soul renew, my sins forgive;
 Nor let me ever dare to live,
 Such as I dare not die.

—
 HYMN 61. 8, 8, 6. CHARLES WESLEY, alt'd.
The Parent's Prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! whose sovereign will
 Hath called thy servant to fulfil
 The parent's tender part;
 With gifts and graces from above,
 With calmest care, and wisest love,
 Instruct my erring heart.
- 2 O may I every moment see
 The end for which alone to me
 Thou hast my children given!
 A blessed instrument divine,
 Through thee, to make and keep them thine,
 And train them up for heaven:
- 3 My first concern, their souls to rear,
 And, principled with Godly fear,
 In virtue's path to lead;
 The hunger after thee, excite,
 And stir them up with all their might
 To seek their living bread.
- 4 Thou, Lord! my every wish prevent,
 And guard whom thou to me hast lent,
 And guide them by thine eye;
 Conduct,—or to thyself receive:
 O let them to thy glory live,
 Or innocently die!

HYMN 62. L. M. MERRICK.

Human Life Vain and Frail.

- 1 **O**UR life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.
- 2 How many, ev'n in youth's gay flower,—
Brief pageants of the noon-tide hour,
Have faded in their brightest bloom,
The early tenants of the tomb.
- 3 O how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair!
How frail the strongest frame we see,
When thou dost man to death decree!
- 4 As when the fretting moths consume
The curious labour of the loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its lustre fades away.
- 5 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.
- 6 O Lord of life and seasons! we
Our sole reliance place on thee:
In thee we trust with holy fear,
And bless thee for the new-born year!

 HYMN 63. 7s. OLNEY HYMNS, alt'd.
Shortness of Life.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

- 2 Finished here probation's day.
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay,
But how little, none can know.
- 3 As the winged arrow flies,
Quick, the destined mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
- 4 So our brief and transient days
To their end speed swiftly on;
Soon we pass life's little space,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.
- 5 Thanks for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew!
Teach us, Lord! by faith to live,
With eternity in view.
- 6 Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill our hearts with filial love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

HYMN 64. C. M. EXETER COLL.

Reflections on the Death of Jesus.

- 1 **W**ITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.
- 2 Not all the malice of his foes,
His pity could subdue;
'Father! forgive,' he meekly prayed,
'They know not what they do.'
- 3 O what a love was here displayed,
Beyond our utmost thought!

How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught!

- 4 Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost, or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died.

HYMN 65. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Ministry instituted.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While, with a grateful heart, we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence the evangelic page.
- 4 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and teachers rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still gild a long—extended line.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow:
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days!

HYMN 66. C. M. COWPER.

Death of a Minister

- 1 **H**IS master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go;
And in desponding accents said,
“ Ah! what must Israel do?”
- 2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
-The beggar to the throne,
Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts,
Would soon be made his own.
- 3 What—when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies—
Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?
- 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store;
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

HYMN 67. 8, 7 & 4. BURDÉR'S COL.

It is finished.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
“ It is finish'd!”
Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.
- 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finish'd—all that God had promis'd;
 Death and hell shall no more awe:
 It is finish'd!
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
- 4 Ransom'd ones, approach the table—
 Taste the soul reviving food:
 Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant,
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
 It is finish'd—
 Christ has borne the heavy load.
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name,
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 68. 8s. TOPLADY.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of Prayer,
 Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine;
 My all to thy covenant care,
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me;
 And fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sov'reign Protector I have,
 Unseen, yet forever at hand;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

- 4 From evil secure, and its dread;
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
Shall in the night season supply.
- 5 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And wells of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend.

HYMN 69. C. M. STEELE.

Spring.

- 1 **W**HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 How kind the influence of the skies!
The showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.
- 4 Then let my wandering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
- 5 'That bounteous Hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.
- 6 **O** God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;

Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

- 7 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful song.

HYMN 70. C. M. RIPPON.

Summer.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls—and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sow'd in hope.

HYMN 71. C. M. BURDER'S COL.

Prayer for Rain.

- 1 **N**OW may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call;

- 'Tis he who bids the vapours rise
And showers abundant fall.
- 2 On thee, our God, we all depend,
For life, and health, and food?
O make refreshing showers descend,
And crown the year with good.
- 3 The evil and the just partake,
These bounties of thy hand;
Nor will a God of love forsake,
This long indulged land.
- 4 Let grace come down, like copious rains,
On Zion's drooping field?
So shall our souls revive again,
And fruit abundant yield.
- 5 Then smiling nature shall express
Her mighty Maker's praise;
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays.

HYMN 72. C. M. WORCESTER'S COL.

Winter.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad;
Confin'd in cold inactive chains—
How desolate and sad!

- 4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
 Thy soul reviving ray;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state—divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore;
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winters frown no more.

HYMN 73. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Swiftness of time. New Year.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bound,
 Of the revolving year;
 How swift the weeks complete their round!
 How short the months appear.
- 2 So fast eternity comes on—
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life hath done,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
 The swift revolving year;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
 Its great concern, to see;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise;

Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

HYMN 74. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.
Help obtained of God. New Year.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand!
The opening year thy mercy shews;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 75. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Close of the Year.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sovereign love,
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;

Then welcome, each declining day!
Welcome, each closing year!

- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise;
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd,
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 76. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

On the Death of Children.

- 1 **Y**E mourning saints, whose streaming
Flow o'er your children dead, [tears
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust.
In fond distress ye lie;
Rise, and with joy, and reverence, view,
A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand;
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.
- 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
"No name of daughters and of sons,
"Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is every hope
"A rising race can give;
"In endless honour and delight,
"My children all shall live."

- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see;
 And bless those wounds which, through our
 Prepare a way to thee. [hearts,

HYMN 77. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd;
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode;
 The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display;
 Nor shall one moments darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief,
 Shall swell into my eyes;
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite;
 And each the bliss of all shall view,
 With infinite delight.

HYMN 78. 8, 7 & 4. WORCESTER'S COL.

Christ coming to Judgment.

- 1 **L**O, he comes—the King of glory!
 With his chosen tribes to reign;
 Countless hosts of saints and angels
 Swell the mighty conquerer's train;
 Now in triumph,
 Sin and death are captive led.
- 2 See the rocks and mountains rending—
 All the nations fill'd with dread!
 Hark! the trump of God—proclaiming
 Through the mansions of the dead—
 “Come to judgment—
 Stand before the Son of Man!”
- 3 Now behold the dead awaking;
 Great and small before him stand;
 Not one soul forgot, or missing;
 None his orders countermand:
 All stand waiting—
 For their last decisive doom!
- 4 Now awake ye slumbering virgins,
 Trim your lamps; the bridegroom's near.
 Let your loins with truth be girded,
 Signs proclaim, he'll soon appear:
 Mark! the fig-tree,
 Budding, shows the summer's near.

HYMN 79. 7s. MRS. BARBAULD.

Praise in Prosperity and Adversity.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
 Let thy praise our songs employ.

- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vines exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;
- 5 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem, the op'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop its green untimely fruit;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall;
And the herds desert the stall;
- 8 Yet to Thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love Thee for thyself alone.

HYMN 30. L. M. Mrs. STEELE.

Death of a Child.

- 1 **S**O fades the lovely blooming flow'r,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!

- So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 To certain trouble we are born,
Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn;
Ah, wretched effort! sad relief!
To plead necessity or grief!
- 3 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care
Which nature must, but dreads to bear?
- 4 Can reason's dictates be obey'd?
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid;
O let religion then be nigh!
Her consolations never die.
- 5 Her pow'rful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control;
Whilst she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 6 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.
- 7 The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys, unknown to sense, invite,
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms, to fade more.

HYMN 81. C. M. Mrs. STEELE.

Death of a Child.

- 1 **L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour;—
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

- 2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs;
 And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.
- 3 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And, lo! stern winter flies;
 And, dressed in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flow'ry tribes arise.
- 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore,
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom, to fade no more.
- 5 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears:
 Religion points on high;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that cannot die.

HYMN 82. 8 & 7s. EXETER COL.

Desires after Christian Obedience.

- 1 **F**ROM the table now retiring
 Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 May our souls, refreshment find;
 Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
 May our lives his image bear;
 Him our Lord and Master calling,
 His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying
 Walking steadfast in his way,—
 Joy attend us in believing!
 Peace from God, through endless day!

HYMN 83. S. M. NEW-YORK COL.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 **Y**ES, to the last command
 We will obedient prove;
 Around his table will we stand,
 In memory of his love.
- 2 His precious blood he shed
 For our unworthy race,
 While uttering, in the Almighty's stead,
 His messages of grace.
- 3 Oh! if our senseless pride
 His dying words neglect,
 'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,
 And we who God reject.
- 4 Then let us ever keep
 This consecrated feast,
 Till memory shall have sunk to sleep,
 Or life itself have ceased.

HYMN 84. S. M. DRUMMOND.

For a Fast

- 1 **'T**IS this a fast for me,—
 Thus saith the Lord our God,
 'A day for man to vex his soul
 And feel affliction's rod?
- 2 Like bulrush low to bow
 His sorrow-stricken head,
 With sack-cloth for his inner vest,
 And ashes round him spread:—
- 3 Shall day like this have power
 To stay th' avenging hand,
 Efface transgression, or avert
 My judgments from the land?

- 4 No—is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose,—
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose:
- 5 To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?
- 6 Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light,
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright!

HYMN 85. C. M. EXETER COL.

Reflections of the Past Year.

- 1 **M**ARK how the swift-winged minutes fly,
And hours still hasten on!
How swift the circling months run round!
How soon the year is gone!
- 2 Let me indulge the serious thought;
The year that's past review:
What good, what evil, have I done?
What work have I to do?
- 3 How is my debt of love increased
To that sustaining Power,
Who hath upheld my feeble frame,
And brought me to this hour!
- 4 For all thy favours, O my God!
Thy goodness I adore:
Thou hast my cup with blessings fill'd,
And made that cup run o'er.
- 5 For thy great mercy's sake, forgive
The guilt that marks the year;

And may I more than ever strive
To keep my conscience clear.

- 6 What shall befall in future life
I would not, Lord! inquire:
To be prepared for all thy will,—
Be this my chief desire.

HYMN 86. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Regard to Little Children.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Then let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock with pleasure hear;
Ye children seek his face;
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN 87. L. M. JERVIS.

Christian Fidelity.

- 1 **S**HALL I forsake that heavenly Friend,
On whom my highest hopes depend?

- Forbid it, Lord! that ere my heart
From truth and duty should depart.
- 2 First let the wheels of life stand still,
Ere I forget thy holy will;
Ere I submit to guilty shame,
And thus disgrace my Saviour's name.
- 3 Faithful to him, and to his laws,
With zeal would I maintain his cause;
Steadfast, the work assigned, fulfil,
And learn, like him, to do thy will.
- 4 Till death shall end my mortal days,
Firm may I walk in duty's ways;
And reap at last the bright reward,
Which waits the servants of the Lord.

HYMN 88. C. M. COWPER.

Providence Mysterious and Benign.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN 89. H. M. RIPPON'S COL. alt'd.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye wandering sinners! home.
- 2 Behold the Son of God,
 Commissioned from above,
 To all the human race
 The messenger of love;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye contrite sinners! home.
- 3 The gospel-trumpet sounds;
 Let all the nations hear,
 And earth's remotest bounds
 Before the throne appear;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye pardoned sinners! home.

HYMN 90. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **G**REAT God of grace! arise and shine,
 With beams of heavenly light;

From this dark world of sin dispel
The long and doleful night.

- 2 Let no inferior being share
The honours due to thee:
May every nation know thy name,
And thy salvation see.
- 3 No more may persecution dare
To lift her iron rod;
No longer shed the blood of saints,
And plead a zeal for God.
- 4 With its own pure and native light,
Lord! may thy gospel shine;
May error fly like noxious mists
Before this light divine.
- 5 While heaven-born truth her charms reveals,
May love each breast inspire;
Nor one base passion ever mix,
To quench this sacred fire.

—
HYMN 91. 8, 7s. COWPER, alt'd.

Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

- 1 **H**EAR what God, the Lord hath spoken:
‘O my people! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
There like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord your faith rewarding
All his bounty will bestow.
- 2 ‘There in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again,

God will rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, will be your glory,
 God, your everlasting light.'

HYMN 92. 8s.

*Thoughts on Death, by Mrs. Barbauld, in her
 80th year.*

- 1 **W**HEN life as opening buds is sweet,
 And golden hopes the fancy greet,
 And youth prepares his joys to meet,—
 Alas how hard it is to die!
- 2 When just is seized some valued prize,
 And duties press, and tender ties
 Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
 How awful then it is to die!
- 3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
 And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
 And man is left alone to mourn,—
 Ah then, how easy 'tis to die!
- 4 When faith is firm and conscience clear,
 And words of peace the spirit cheer,
 And visioned glories half appear,—
 'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die.
- 5 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
 And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
 And clouds obscure the mental light,—
 'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

ASCRPTION. L. M. 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.

To him who dwells in heavenly light,
 Beyond the reach of human sight,
 The King Supreme, the Lord of heaven,
 Be endless praise and honour given.

